DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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MR. CHARRINGTON AND HIS WORK IN LONDON.

Frederick Nicholas Charrington was born in the Bow Road, in East End of London, on February 4th, 1850, and is now, therefore, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Frederick Charrington, who was a partner in the well-known brewing firm of Messrs. Charrington, Head & Co., of Stepney. The large brewery is (next to the London Hospital), the most striking building in the Mile End Road.

There is no doubt that Mr. Charrington's influence among the people is largely due to the kind of romantic interest with which they regard him, for he has made sacrifices for conscience sake and the Gospel's such as we rarely hear of in these days.

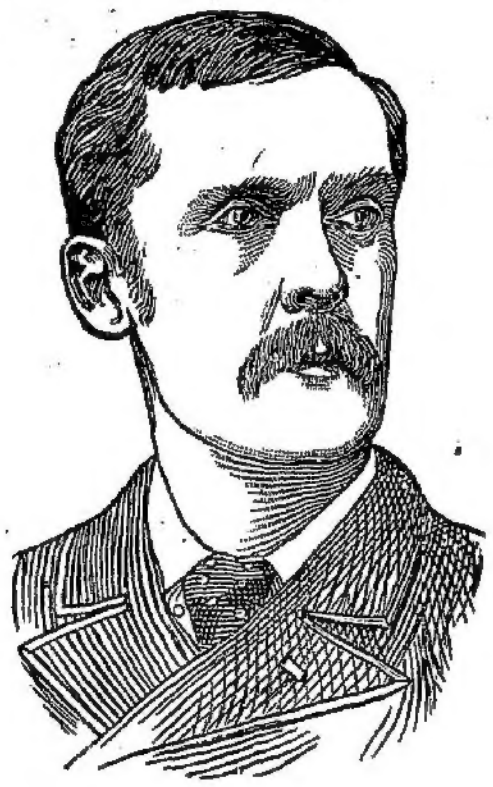
At an early age he was placed at a school in Brighton. From the queen of watering-places he went to Marlborough, and afterwards went to Brighton College.

After leaving school, Mr. Charrington went for a Continental tour visiting the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and travelled through Switzerland and Italy. His father now offered to send him to either Oxford or Cambridge University, but this he declined, and commenced learning the business at once by becoming a pupil of Neville, Reed, & Co., brewers to the Queen, at Windsor, where he took up his abode with the Rev. John Stone, curate of the parish.

After remaining at Windsor for twelve months, Mr. Charrington entered his father's brewery in the East End of London. Soon after this he accompanied his parents on another tour on the Continent, and on this occasion he met with Mr. William Rainsford, (Rev. W. S. Rainsford now of New York,) son of the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of Belgrave Chapel. They travelled in company on the return journey, during which Mr. Charrington invited his young friend to visit him at his father's house at Wimbledon. During this visit Mr. Rainsford spoke to Mr. Charrington about his soul, and plainly asked him if he knew he was saved. Mr. Charrington protested against such a subject being brought up. Mr. Rainsford, however, pressed home the question, and made Mr. Charrington promise he would read *John 3*: when alone by himself. The next night Mr. Charrington fulfilled his promise, and read the chapter. As he read, the light came, and he now looks back to that hour as the one when he received the truth, and became a believer in the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Charrington now became possessed with new desires and ideas. He first spoke to an old school-fellow, Mr. Archibald Grahame, a young lawyer, who was converted at school. "Christ died for us," argued Mr. Charrington; "and we ought to do something for Him." He at once joined some friends who were conducting evangelistic services among a lot of rough boys gathered in a hay loft. In this and similar work he engaged for some years.

Up to this time Mr. Charrington had remained in the brewery, but momentous changes were at hand. He was now heart and soul in his new work, but his conscience was not at rest. Wherever he went he saw his father's name in connection with the firm printed on large signboards and posts over the various public-houses. He began to witness sights that touched his heart. He saw drunken fathers, gin-drinking mothers, ill-used children, whose worst enemies were those whom God designed to be their natural protectors. There might seem to be light, warmth, and cordials within, but brawls and fights spoiled the glitter; and then above all he read "Charrington, Head, and Co.'s Entire." In addition to this, the boys and lads were continually asking him questions about the drink that were not at all likely to make his conscience more at ease; his visitations to the homes of the poor revealed a state of things that he had never dreamed existed; and he began to feel that he was pulling down with one hand what he was building up with the other.



FREDERICK N. CHARRINGTON.

The crisis came. Mr. Charrington told his father that he could have nothing more to do with the business of the brewery. This decision came so unexpectedly that it was a great blow to the family. At once he renounced his trade, with its golden prospects, without asking what the consequences would be, and he was allowed to retire in quietness, but he withdrew from the brewery without a halfpenny. Though much disturbed by his son's extraordinary choice, Mr. Charrington, senior, subsequently made him a small allowance, on which he lived and worked for three years. At the end of that time, the father died, and on his deathbed assured his son, not only of his affection, but of his warm approval of the course he had taken. By a provision in his father's will, Mr. Charrington was again offered a share in the brewery or else a sum sufficient to maintain him in comfort for life, and he accepted the latter; but as his fortune is not at all equal to the demands which his mission work makes upon him, he has to a considerable extent to rely upon the sympathy and support of the Christian public. Not only has Mr. Charrington made great sacrifices for conscience sake and the Gospel, but he has also been called to suffer. Standing in front of a certain music hall distributing tracts and warning young men of the peril of such places, he was roughly seized by two policemen and dragged off to Bethnal Green Police Station, where he was locked up for the night. Brought before the magistrate at Worship Street the next morning, he was immediately discharged, the magistrate stating that the prosecutor had laid himself open to an action for false imprisonment. In addition to open-air preaching and house-to-house visitation, the Tower Hamlets Mission (the name under which Mr. Charrington's work is conducted,) includes Boys' Mission and Home in Hertford Place, of which more than one thousand boys have received the benefit, many of them being orphans; East End Conference Hall; Bonner Lane Hall, now in the hands of the Rev. T. B. Stephenson; the Foresters' Music Hall, which holds three thousand persons; Princes Street Hall, Wapping; Wilton's Music Hall; Lusby's Music Hall; Gloucester Hall, &c. There are also Sunday Schools, Band of Hope, Provident Club, Mothers' Meetings, Dorcas Meetings, &c.

In the year 1877 a Hall was erected. It was opened in April of the same year, and although it had a seating capacity of nearly 2,000 it soon became too small, and a larger building has been erected. The "Great Assembly Hall" as this new structure is called will seat about 5,000 and it is almost invariably filled. When we consider that this Hall is open every night, and that this great congregation is composed almost entirely of working people, it must be most cheering to any Christian heart, or to any one striving for the welfare of his fellow-creatures. The question, "How can we reach the masses?" is here most fully answered; it being, on Sunday nights, no uncommon occurrence for hundreds, if not thousands, to be sent away for want of room.

The late Lord Shaftesbury wrote of Mr. Charrington and his work, "This is a great and mighty work. I can only say that I rejoice to think that such a work as this is to be extended, and well does our friend Charrington deserve it. No man living, in my estimation, is more worthy of success for the devotion of his heart, the perseverance of his character, the magnificence of his object, and the way in which he has labored by day and by night until he has completed this great issue.—*Faithful Witness.*

IN A TALK with a Southern (United States) manufacturer, says the Hon. J. B. Finch, I asked him if he was a Prohibitionist. He said, "I am." I said, "Why?" He said, "Look at these mills;" and I didn't have far to look in any particular direction, for he owned the largest cotton mills of the South. "Now," said he, "look up that street, where there are over one hundred grog-shops. I find that the ability of the workmen to do their work is taken away. In these streets are places that rob them of their money, nerve and muscle, degrade their intelligence, ruin their producing capacity, and make them comparatively worthless to me. When it reaches that, my mills or the grog-shops must go, and I prefer that it shall be the grog-shop."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day:
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine;
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk,
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—*Mothers' Companion.*

TEACH OBEDIENCE.

Day by day I see criminals, hundreds of them—thousands of them in the course of the year. I see scores of broken-hearted parents, wishing rather that their sons had never been born than they had lived to bear such burdens of shame and disgrace. I hear the wailing of disappointed mothers, and see humiliated fathers crying like children, because of the sins of their children. I see mothers growing gray between the successive visits in which they come to inquire about the boy in prison. And seeing these dreadful things till my heart aches and aches, I say to those mothers and fathers whose boys have not yet gone astray, to mothers and fathers whose little families are the care of their lives, teach your children obedience. I want it written large. I wish I could make it blaze here in letters of fire. I wish I could write it in imperishable, glowing letters on the wall of every home—obedience, obedience, obedience! Obedience to law—to household law; to parental authority; unquestioning, instant, exact obedience. Obedience in the family; obedience in the school. Wherever, from the beginning, from the first glimmering of intelligence in the child, there is expression of law, let there be taught respect for it and obedience to it. It is the royal road to virtue, to good citizenship; it is the only road. Teach also the clear distinction between mine and thine. Let the line be unwavering. Let there be no quibbling with terms. And the distinction can not be taught in a family where it is not observed. Where debts are contracted carelessly and paid reluctantly, honesty can not be the dominating principle. In such a moral atmosphere there is contamination. There is poison that will come out in things counted more shameful than debts. Educate a boy in such a way that he shall think it of no consequence whether the milk bill is paid from one year's end to another, and you educate him to take his employer's money, with the vague intention of replacing it some time. Educate a boy to think better of himself in a fine coat, whether the tailor's bill be paid or not, and you so weaken his moral sense that he can not resist temptation, when the opportunity comes of gratifying his vanity by stealing. Make a boy think that a high social position is the first thing to be thought of in the world, and he will sacrifice his moral principles for that position. It is frequently said, in my hearing: "How strange it is that so many children of respectable people go astray!" To which I always answer: "It is strange that so few of them go astray." But it is not respectability that sends them astray, it is sham respectability. It is a false, sentimental idea of the love due to children that makes them disobedient; the easy-going, tender-hearted, doting parent that can't bear the sight of a child's pain, and spares itself the sight at the peril of the child's future. It is the mother's and the father's cruel selfishness that spares the child. It is the sickening yearning after "gentility," the willingness to buy a sham social position at any expense, that ruins many a boy and many a girl. The parents would rather hear how well their children stand socially, than to hear how good and upright they are. The children soon catch this tone, and think gentility is better than goodness; and make a sacrifice of goodness to gentility, whenever they think their social standing will be served by it. This is of course not true of all so-called respectable families whose children go astray, but it is so often true that I always expect to find it so when such cases come before me; and alas! I am not often disappointed.—*W. F. M. Round, Secetary Prison Association.*

NO TIME FOR THE MIND.

A certain village in Western Pennsylvania has been known for many generations as the purgatory of bad housekeepers. To be a model housekeeper is the one ambition of its women. Although many of them are wealthy, very few have servants.

"What I do myself is well done," is their favorite maxim. Their houses are immaculately neat. The rooms are daily aired, swept, dusted, and then closed up, while the family live in the kitchen. The cupboards are full of lucent jellies and jams; a new recipe creates a stir of excitement in the community only equalled by a new stitch in fancy work.

"It was years before we would give in to sewing-machines," said a matron of the village, "and even now we make all underclothing by hand."

A new-comer to the town, a woman of rare brilliancy and sweetness of nature, was ostracized because her linen sheets were not hem-stitched, and she bought her canned goods.

These women have no time for reading, music, travel, or social enjoyment. They are forced to remain silent while their husbands or children discuss any matter of general interest.

Well-cooked viands and neat houses undoubtedly are good things, but they are not worth the sacrifice of a woman's whole thoughts, life and being. Where the treasure is there will the heart be also; and if a woman makes a fetich of her table-linen or the temporary box in which she lives, her mind and affections soon will be measured by them.

No human being can be wider or higher than the god which he worships; and the god which a man serves is not the Invisible Being to whom he gives an hour on Sunday, but that to which he sacrifices the thoughts, the hopes, the efforts of his life.

The *Companion* has many girl readers in inland villages whose ambition is that of these women. It would not dissuade them from the wish to be neat, skilful housekeepers, but it would remind them that this is only one part of a woman's work in the world, and it should be held in its proper place.

If the housekeeper's eyes are to suffer through embroidery and fancy work, let the beds go bare of "shams" and the chairs of tidies. If she have no time for study or exercise, let the family eat fruit for dessert the year round.—*Youth's Companion.*

DRESS, AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.

"An indication of the length of one's purse, of one's taste, of one's work and social position, perhaps, but of one's character!" says the lady who first strikes upon this bit "Are you quite sure that you mean what you appear to signify in your title?"

Yes, for one's ordinary style of dress, its style, not the fabric of which it is composed, nor the fashion in which it is cut, but its accustomed style does indicate character. The plainest calico or cambric gown, made without a ruffle or a tuck, but spotlessly neat, the strip of linen around the neck, relieving the bareness which unpleasantly suggests that one is getting ready for execution, the apron donned for protection, if the wearer is washing the dishes, kneading the bread or bathing the baby, are all signs which speak volumes of the way in which a person was brought up. A lady is always the same, no matter what her occupation, and she should be careful to look like a lady. To do this, her dress should suit her avocation, and should, of course, be clean. Soiled finery, silk or satin street dresses which have seen their best days, garments of wool which are stained or spotted with grease, are not nice for house wear in the morning hours when many women find their own presence in the kitchen necessary.

A large apron with sleeves, made in such a way that it will completely cover the gown beneath it, which can be slipped off again in the twinkling, so to speak, of an eye, should be the part of every housekeeper's wardrobe. With this on, as a kind of armor of proof, she can enter the kitchen in her prettiest tea gown or dinner-dress, and attend to the last arrangements, for which her cook was not quite competent. If she does her own housework, it is even more necessary, either that she should have a supply of large and strong aprons, of linen, crash, gingham, or calico, or that she should wear washable goods while busy about her work.

Carelessness about one's home-dress, when beloved eyes are to see us, and our children are to model themselves after our example, indicates something weak in character. The person who is negligent here, is negligent in greater things. So far from inattention to these seemingly slight details being a mark of genius, it is simply a token, significant to all concerned, that the woman within the gown is lacking in common sense and has a stratum of indolence among her qualities.—*Aunt Marjorie in Christian Intelligencer.*

TO COOK EGGS.

It is true that chickens, eggs, and cream are not so abundant upon many farms as city dwellers sometimes suppose. Usually the poultry is raised for market, and every egg that is not permitted to develop into a chick is regarded with an eye to all its possibilities; but we will suppose that eggs are cooked sometimes, and consider a few methods of serving them which are borrowed from the transatlantic rural folk. Take fried eggs, for instance; while the yolk is still soft, as soon as the white is set, take them up carefully with a thin skimmer or pancake turner, to avoid breaking them, and lay each one upon a slice of delicate toast; if there is more than half a cupful of fat in the pan, pour it out; put in a cupful of vinegar and a sharp seasoning of pepper, let it boil up, pour it over the eggs and toast, and serve the dish at once. With coffee and bread and butter, this is an excellent breakfast dish.

If a more substantial meal is desired, boil or bake some potatoes; then fry the eggs and keep them hot on toast; leave not more than two tablespoonfuls of fat in the frying-pan; into the hot fat stir a heaping tablespoonful of dry flour, then gradually stir in a pint of boiling water, a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, let the gravy boil, and stir it smooth; serve it in a bowl with the fried eggs and potatoes. If fried or scrambled eggs remain unused, mince them, warm them with highly seasoned gravy, and serve them on toast. If boiled eggs are on hand, put them over the fire in hot water and boil them for five minutes, to make sure that they are hard; when they are cool enough to handle, break off the shells, leaving the eggs entire; either dip them in batter or bread them, and then fry them like doughnuts, and serve them hot: they combine well with fried or boiled ham, bacon, salt pork, or salt fish; with a dish of baked, boiled, or stewed potatoes and gravy, they make a substantial meal.—*Juliet Carson.*

AN EARLY START.

In these three words may be found the secret of much successful work in the line of housekeeping. Alas for the houses that are hurried all day and every day! The friction in such homes is very wearing. The inmates rise late, the breakfast is behindhand, hurriedly prepared and hurriedly eaten, and things are at sixes and sevens the whole day. And so it goes on through the week. Monday's washing is begun late, and laps over into Tuesday. Tuesday's duties make inroads upon Wednesday, and so of the various special duties of each day. In many cases a difference of half an hour, or even less, would make all the difference. It is false economy to spend an extra fifteen minutes in bed when one has to pay for it by hurrying all day to make up for the lost quarter of an hour.

Of course the Sabbath should be as much of a day of rest as possible in every house, but it is well to make at least one other day a sort of resting day. We get matters started on Monday morning, and keep them a-going until Saturday night at a high pressure. There is need of a little break, and for this I deem Wednesday a desirable day. Take breath, if possible, on Wednesday. Let the servants know that on that day the machinery is to "slow up," that all hands can rest now and then on their oars. The duties of the day must be attended to, but with washing and ironing all through by Tuesday, and the weekly cleaning and the special cooking postponed for the latter part of the week, it is not difficult to make Wednesday very much of a restful day.—*N. Y. Observer.*

KEEP BEES.—We advise every farmer to keep bees, not only for the money it may bring, but for the gratification of his family. We advise it, as we do the growing of an abundance of strawberries, grapes, etc., as one of the ties to attach children to the farm, by making it the best place on earth. We also advise it for its influence upon the young, in teaching them to observe. Still, the main reason for keeping bees is, the "sweet tooth;" if that be gratified, all other benefits will follow. The way to begin bee-keeping is to begin small. If one procures a single colony, in a modern, movable comb hive, and by the aid of one of the standard works (such as Quinby's), cares for that colony and its increase during the season, he will have a knowledge of bee-keeping that will enable him to manage many hives, and which will enable him, if he should so elect, to keep bees for profit. One piece of advice should be heeded by all beginners: Do not begin bee-keeping unless with the determination to give it that thought and care which will make it a success. Nothing can be more unprofitable and demoralizing than a neglected apiary. Begin, then, with a single hive, and experienced bee-keepers are agreed that this is the proper month to begin.—*American Agriculturist.*

CELERY SALAD.—Take three heads of celery; cut in pieces in a salad bowl; mix the yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt and pepper, juice of a lemon and two tablespoons of water. Beat all together, pour four ounces of olive oil in drop by drop, then add a small tablespoonful of hot water. Pour over the celery.

HERE IS SOMETHING for the children's room; a wall banner of red calico and picture cards. Cut it any size you like, with two points on the bottom, hem the top and run a strip of wood in to make it stay in place. Arrange the cards on it and fasten with needle and thread; put tassels on the points and hang it with red strings. It is quite bright and pretty and will please the children.

PUZZLES.

CHARACTER HINTS.

In England and France three Cardinals great,
Who ruled the people, the king and the state.

He threw an inkstand at Satan
And bade him be quiet
A Diet of Worms was his principal diet.

The greatest writer known to fame.
And none know how to spell his name.

MISSING MOUNTAINS.

In sultry weather I'd take my ease
On the snowy tops of the ——.

Then if I'd go where the grape vine twines
I'd wander about the ——.

MISSING RHYMES.

Interesting to Poets.

By no means the lightest task of the poet is the mechanical construction of his verses after the ideas are complete. Many a poet has struggled in desperation to find an appropriate word that will rhyme with another word he has used. Perhaps some of our puzzlers and budding poets would like to try their wits at rhyming. Here is a list of words to try on. We don't promise you easy work. Indeed, if you succeed in finding a word that will rhyme with any one of these, you will be doing better than all that have tried before you. Here is the list:

Silver	Scarf
Mouth	Scalp
Orange	Babe
Coif	False

Gulf

—*The Voice.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

CHARACTER HINTS.—1, Adam. 2, Benjamin Franklin. 3, Sir Isaac Newton.

NAMES OF RIVERS.—1, Tennesee. 2, Tom bigbee 3, James.

CONUNDRUM.—Ohio.

The Family Circle.

IS IT PEACE OR WAR?

AN ORIGINAL TEMPERANCE RECITATION.

Is it peace or war? from a million throats
  Ever rises the anxious cry,
As in stately hall, and in nameless hut,
  All ranks and conditions die.

Is it peace or war? when throughout the land
  There are foes that are deadlier far
Than a million men and ships might be
  In a bloody, unrighteous war.

Is it peace or war? when this mighty realm,
  With a past that is full of praise,
Is beaten and blanch'd with one great vice,
  While the wondering nations gaze?

Is it peace or war? when the soil once red
  With the blood of the martyred slain,
Is laden each year with dishonored dead,
  While the living rush wild in their train?

Is it peace or war? though our fleets are still,
  And our soldiers are free from blood,
If foes that can laugh at powder and shell
  Are robbing our land of God?

Is it peace or war? when in every town
  There are houses we pass each day,
Which, had the strong angels their Lord's com
    mand,
  Would be blown to the winds away.

Is it peace or war? when a brother man,
  For a life of inglorious ease,
Will sell us the poison that robs our life,
  And smile at the ruin he sees!

Is it peace or war? when in many a home,
  With an agony never expressed,
The hope and the love and the light have gone
  By the breath of the virulent pest?

Is it peace or war? when a mother strives
  With sleepless effort and pain,
To ward off the curse from her husband's head,
  And restore him to manhood again?

Is it peace or war? when a father flies
  From the sight of an imbecile wife,
And the more than motherless innocent bairns
  Bear the weight of that woe through life.

Is it peace or war? when the godly pair
  Who have never disgraced their name,
Are killed by a stroke of unspeakable grief
  O'er a child they have lost in shame.

Is it peace or war? when the sweetest hearts,
  And minds of an infinite grace,
Fall side by side in a common doom,
  With the herds of the commonplace.

Is it peace or war? when the cause of God
  Is enchained in this powerful spell,
And the holy-song of the angel choir
  Dies away in this chant of hell.

Peace there is none! It is war! wild war:
  O men, from your dreams arise,
Sleep on, and the nation will surely die;
  Fight now, it will reach the skies.

THOMAS LOVE.

—*League Journal.*

MARY JONES; OR, WHAT A WELSH GIRL DID TO GET A BIBLE.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE, ENGLAND.

Mary Jones was born in a very humble cottage, called Ty'n y ddal, in the small hamlet of Llanfihangel-y-Pennant, situate in a romantic valley at the southern foot of Cader-Idris. This was in '1784, about a year before Mr. Charles commenced his Circulating Schools. The district was one of great attractions, but there were neither railways nor coaches then to open the scenes of wild beauty to the lovers of the picturesque. Now the narrow-gauge line from Towyn to Abergynolwyn takes one to within walking distance of what was then an isolated spot. In 1794 Mr. Charles established one of his circulating schools at Abergynolwyn, which was soon followed by a Sunday-school, both being under the superintendence of John Ellis. Mary Jones was one of his earliest pupils, though she had to walk two miles over a rough and exposed road. She was punctual in her attendance, a ready learner, and one able to store in her memory large portions of the Sacred Book, which was always in use. But Mary did not possess a Bible of her own. There was not one in the village. The nearest one she had access to was at a farm-house, two miles distant. To this she might freely go, and it was so that every week she went to read and search its pages, and store up its precious contents in her memory. For six years she did this, the desire of her heart gaining strength meanwhile, which was to possess a Bible of her own. But Bibles were dear, and her means were small, for her parents were poor. An occasional copper, however, did come in her way, and these she stored up, a penny or a half-penny at a time, to accomplish her purpose. But where could a Bible be obtained? None of her neighbors could tell her. She heard, however, from one William Hugh, a preacher, who sometimes visited the little Calvinistic Methodist chapel, that a new edition of the Welsh Bible had been issued, and that if one was to be obtained anywhere it must be of Mr. Charles, of Bala. She was sixteen years of age, and she had saved, as she thought, about as much money as a Bible would cost. But Bala, though in the same county, was nearly thirty miles from her home, and though the road was unknown and the people at Bala strangers, she determined to travel thither, find out Mr. Charles, and buy a Bible if one could be had for money.

The snow was still lying on the summit of old Cader-Idris, though spring had begun to rejoice at its sunny foot, when Mary Jones set out early for her long journey to Bala. This was in 1800, a year after the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had issued its last edition of the Sacred Scriptures. A small bag or wallet had been lent her by a neighbor in which to bring back the treasure she hoped to secure. On her outward journey it sufficed to carry her shoes, and a little refreshment in the shape of coarse bread, which a draught here and there from the runlets she would pass in her way would serve to wash down. The air was clear, the skies were bright, and old Cader with his now cheerful face seemed to remind her of Him who, before the mountains were brought forth was from everlasting, the Refuge and Hope of all who trust in Him.

It was evening when she reached Bala, and too late to see Mr. Charles that night, for he observed the rule which all busy men should observe. "Early to bed and early to rise." But William Hugh had directed her in the first place to call on a venerable preacher named David Edward, and tell him her errand. The old man was at once won over to her cause.

"Well, my dear girl," said he, "it is too late to see Mr. Charles to-night; he is accustomed to retire to rest early, but he gets up with the dawn. You shall sleep here to-night, and we will go to him as soon as he gets up to-morrow, that you may be able to reach home before night."

The next morning David Edward awoke Mary from her sound sleep at an early hour. "Mr. Charles is up," said he, "for there is a light in his study."

The decisive moment was then near at hand. David Edward knocks at the door, and Mr. Charles himself answers it. It was an affecting scene, a memorable interview Having expressed surprise at the early call of his friend, Mr. Charles invites them to his study.

David Edward introduces Mary, and tells her tale for her, enlarging more than she could have done on her weekly visits to the farm house, her long savings, her toilsome walk, and her great anxiety to possess a copy of the Divine Word. Mr. Charles questioned her at length, and drew from her many affecting facts of her personal history. Evidently touched by all these things, he felt compelled to say, nevertheless: "I am extremely sorry to see this little girl, she having come all the way from Llanfihangel to buy a Bible; but there is not one to be had. All the Bibles I had from London have been disposed of months ago, excepting a few copies which I have reserved for a few friends, according to promise. What I shall do for more Welsh Bibles I know not." There were marked compassion and tenderness in his tones, but his words pierced the heart of Mary. She burst into tears, and her cries and sobs were heard all over the house. Disappointment, distress laid hold upon her; long-deferred hope, now apparently dashed to the ground, made her sick and faint. It was a supreme moment. There was a struggle in the bosom of the humane minister. Mary Jones's tears vanquished him, doing what her words could not.

"Well," said Mr. Charles, "my dear girl, I find you must have a Bible, however difficult it is for me to give you one without disappointing other friends; it is impossible for me to refuse you."

So saying, he handed her a Bible, and she handed him the money she had brought. She tried to speak her gratitude, but her tears flowed too fast—tears not now of distress, but of joy. It was a Bochim Mr. Charles wept, old David Edward wept, and Mary wept. At length Mr. Charles said:

"If you are pleased, my girl, to get a Bible, so am I pleased in giving it to you. Read it often, treasure it in your heart, and be a good girl."

The way back to Llanfihangel was a lighter one than the way to Bala, for now had not God granted her that which she desired of him? Sixty-six years after, when reciting these facts to Mr. Rees, she wept for joy at the goodness and faithfulness of God.

Mary Jones, having become possessed of a copy of her coveted treasure, proceeded, as is sometimes done at public meetings, by way of resolution. The first resolution was to read it through, carefully and thoughtfully, word for word. This she did four times over. The second resolution was to read, search, and commit to memory chapters of her own new Bible. This also she fulfilled, storing up in her memory the Book of Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, the Gospels, the Epistles of John, the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, and that to the Hebrews. The third resolution was to read a portion of the blessed book every day of her life, and this also she did as long as health permitted, until her death, in 1866.

In process of time Mary Jones was married to a weaver named Lewis, a Christian man, with whom she lived many years, becoming the mother of a numerous family. The latter part of her life she lived at the village of Bryncrug, near Towyn, Merionethshire. She was a faithful servant of God all her days, and though she was always poor, she always found money to help two causes, that of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and that of the Calvinistic Methodist Missionary Society. When the Rev. J. A. James, of Birmingham, proposed, in 1854, to send a million Testaments to China, a collection was made at the chapel at Bryncrug. Beneath a heap of coppers was found one golden half-sovereign. That was traced home to Mary Lewis, who was now a widow. How did she manage such a contribution? And how was it that she had always something to give? The fact is, she kept a large number of bees, for the cultivation of which industry her cottage was favorably situated. Her hives always flourished. Her honey was always good; and the bees were so well acquainted with her that they would settle upon her hand. They were fast friends, and never had a misunderstanding. Her yearly income from the honey covered the expenses of her household, and the proceeds of the wax was divided between the Bible Society and the Missionary Society. On December 28th, 1866, Mary Jones passed away to her long-desired rest. On her death-bed she gave her Bible to her pastor, the Rev. Robert Griffeth, of Bryncrug. Mr. G. gave it, with a written account of her life, to Mr. R. O. Rees; Mr. Rees presented it to the library of the Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala; from which place it has been transferred, at the urgent request of the Committee, to the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in London.

Mary Jones little knew, when she toiled barefooted along the road to Bala, that the recital of her persevering efforts would clinch the nail which Mr. Charles had driven into the hearts of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society at their annual meeting, two years after, and thus help to bring into existence the great Bible Society she loved so well. But so it was, for, "Thus saith the Lord, Who hath despised the day of small things?"—*New York Observer.*

LITTLE ANNIE'S SERMON.

Very happy she looked as I rode by and saw her sitting on the stile by the roadside, with Trip, the dog, at her feet; so I drew my horse in and stopped to speak to her.

She was one of my pets, and I was the minister.

"Are you resting, Annie?" said I, as she smiled at me from beneath her big parasol.

"Yes, sir," she said. "My feet are very tired, but I'm not tired at all."

"Your feet are tired, but you are not? Well! well! That is a new idea to me, child. So your feet and hands are not a part of the real you?"

"No, sir, please; I don't think they are. I tell my feet and hands what to do, and they do it; for they are only my servants, mamma says, to mind what I say."

"Is not your body a part of you, Annie?" I said, smiling in the dear little face again.

"No, sir,—not the real me. My body will be put in the ground when I die; but I shall be in heaven, sir, if I love God."

"Then you don't care so much about your body as your soul, my child?" I said.

"Well, sir, I care a great deal, because my body holds my soul, mamma says, just as I care for the pretty case where I keep my garnet ring."

"But the ring is the real thing, after all, and the case is of much less value."

"Yes, sir; yet the case makes the ring look more, and I like to have it neat and pretty."

"So you like to have your clothes neat and pretty, I suppose, Annie; but you never forget that your body is only the casket to hold your soul? I wish all the little girls would remember that. Some of them care a great deal more about the ribbons and laces they wear than about the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, I am afraid."

"I think that's a lovely verse," said Annie. "It always makes me so happy just to think about it."

"Then you understand it, my child? Tell me what it means to have a meek and quiet spirit."

"To be 'meek' means to be gentle when people are rough to you; just as Jesus was when the soldiers and the people were cruel to Him. Don't you remember, He was just as lovely as ever?"

"And what is it to have a 'quiet spirit,' Annie?" said I.

"To have a 'quiet spirit,' I suppose, is to take just what God sends If He lets the sun shine, so I can go out to play, it's all right; and if He makes it rain, so I can't, it's all right; and if I'm sick, it's all right; and if I'm well, it's all right too."

"Is it easy to feel so, my child?" said I, wonderingly, longing to have more of the same child-like trust myself, as I looked at the sweet, contented child-face.

"*Oh yes, sir; it's easy ever since* I knew how much God loves me. If you think He doesn't care about you, it's so different!"

"But you think God can't hurt any one whom He loves, child?"

"Oh no, sir—any more than you or I could; and a great deal less too, for God is always loving and good."

"*But does He never make any* mistakes, Annie?" said I, wishing to hear what answer she would give.

I shall never forget the look of wonder upon the dear little face as she answered:

"He wouldn't be God, sir, if He ever did wrong, or made any mistakes."

I bade her good-bye, and rode along the road carpeted with white daisies and golden buttercups, with Annie's simple, earnest words ringing in my ears all the way—

"God would not be God if He ever did wrong or made any mistakes."—*Herald of Mercy.*

SMOKING.—If we were retained to make out a case against tobacco we should adopt John Ruskin's objection as a thesis. It is a fact—a fact full of painful significance—that increasing numbers of young men are smoking, and, as Ruskin truly says, the man who smokes much idles much. The heavy smoker is a lotus-eater. He is prone to dream. Give him in his leisure an armchair, a cheerful fire, slippers, and a cup of strong coffee, and he will smoke away, gazing into the fire, and imagining that he is having a "good think," when really he is in a state of mental vacuity. This, it seems to us, is the most practical objection to smoking that has ever been urged.—*Tyneside Echo.*

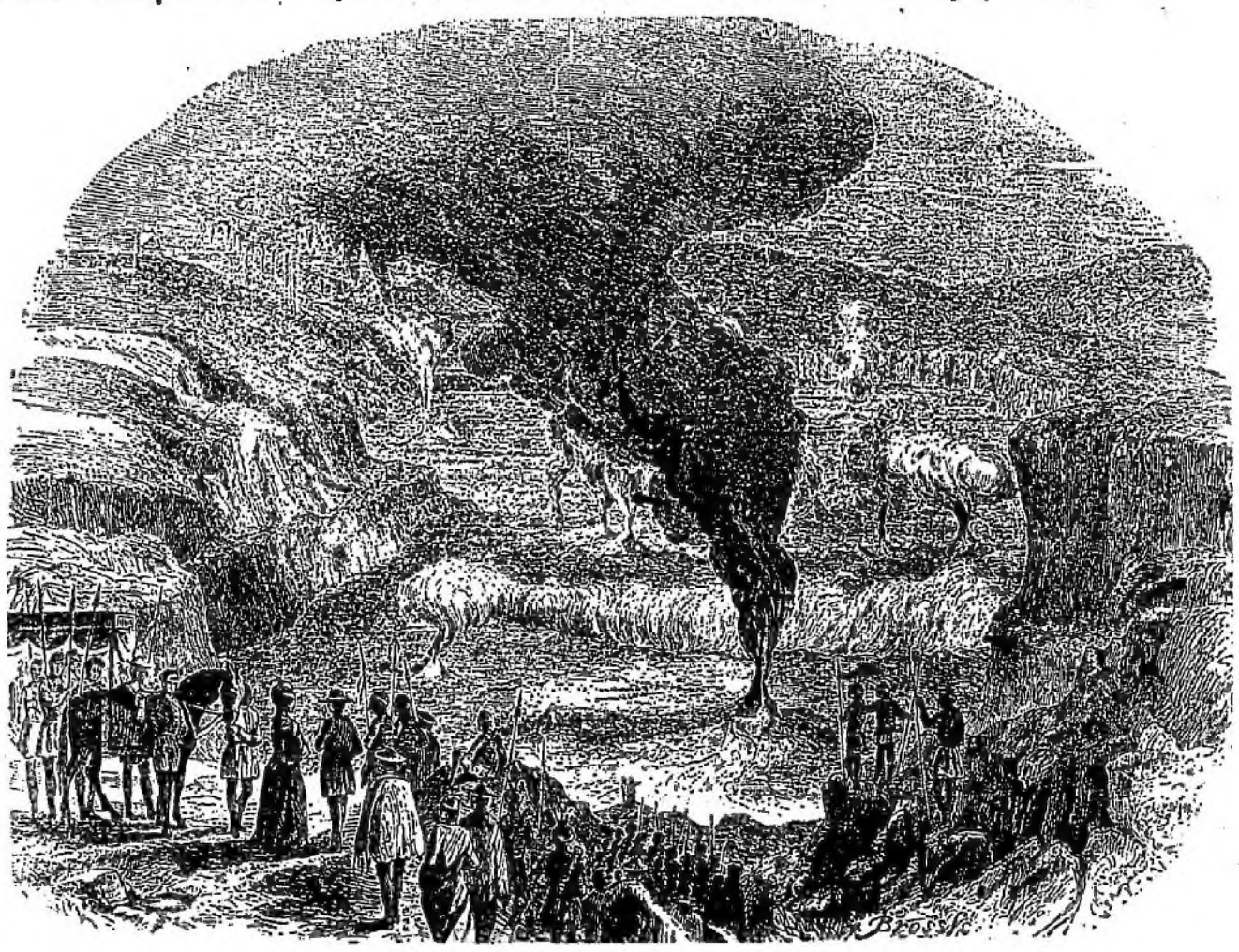
OVER-WORK is alway bad economy It is, in fact, great waste, especially if conjoined with worry. Indeed worry kills far more than work does. It frets, it excites, it consumes the body—as sand and grit, which occasion excessive friction, wear out the wheels of a machine. Over-work and worry have both to be guarded against. For over-brain-work is strain-work; and it is exhausting and destructive according as it is in excess of nature. And the brain-worker may exhaust and over-balance his mind by excess, just as the athletic may over-strain his muscles and may break his back by attempting feats beyond the strength of his physical system.—*Christian at Work.*

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(See Key, last page.)

THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.

This celebrated volcano in the Hawaiian Islands was recently in violent eruption. On Sunday afternoon, January 16, smoke was seen issuing from it, and in the evening fire suddenly burst forth, sending huge forks of flame high into the air, accompanied by almost incessant earthquakes, estimated at from 300 to 500. On the next Tuesday a large stream of lava sent out a river of fire that thundered down the mountain-side towards the sea. It was a brilliant sight, immense quantities of the lava shooting high in the air, and forming three branches that flowed from the burning crater on the mountain-side 6,500 feet from the sea level, the stream being several miles in width at some points and a mile wide where the flow met the sea. Honolulu papers give spirited accounts of the eruption, which lasted several days and must have been a sublime spectacle.



THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.

A SKETCH.

Many years ago, when I was a lad, attending one of the publicschools of Edinburgh, John Paton, a boy about thirteen years of age, was enrolled in my class, born without arms from the shoulder. Considerable curiosity and excitement were roused as to how such a strange phenomenon would comport himself among his classfellows. We were not left long in suspense, for being a boy of natural ability, he very soon asserted himself, and more frequently than any other was dux of the class. As may be imagined, his classfellows, on this very account, began not only to esteem, but to love him, more especially as he had a bright, happy disposition, and was ever ready to join them in any amount of fun and frolic in which they might happen to indulge. The second day after John entered school, as our class was repairing to the writing room, he quietly asked me if I would take off the shoe and stocking of his right foot, as he wished a copy-book as well as the others. "What," I said. "You can't write." "Oh, yes," he said. "I can do a *little*, and wish to learn to do more." I shall never forget the delight with which I asked from the master a copy-book for John, and judge of the surprise of both master and pupils, as a pen was put between the big toe and its neighbor. John commenced his first half-text line, the first then as now, "Amendment is commendable." He made rapid improvement in this branch, and before leaving school he wrote with his toes a beautiful hand. The use he made of his skill in writing will be told in the sequel. After passing through all his classes with distinction, (arithmetic included), the Government system of education was being introduced into Scotland, and John offered himself as a candidate to become a pupil teacher, but as one of the conditions was that applicants must have no physical infirmity or defect, this door was effectually closed against him. As he knew it was with his brains he would have to make his way in the world, he now determined to prosecute his studies at the University of Edinburgh, and qualify himself for the ministry. Before proceeding further, it should be stated that John had gathered round him at least a dozen staunch companions who had been at school with him, and who were always ready to render assistance where hands were essential. For instance, in our swimming feats, the companion who had the honor (we boys all considered it so) of undressing and dressing him, was until lately a leading Edinburgh physician. None of us, either in rapidity or length of stroke, could at all approach him, as he propelled himself on his back through the water. He was dressed while at school like other boys, except that, instead of a jacket, he wore a short mantle, which, as he got older, was exchanged for a morning coat with stuffed arms, the ends of which were placed in its pockets, so that, to all appearance, no defect was visible. When he made his visits to me, little did the servant admitting him know he had pulled the bell with his teeth.

He entered, as before stated, the University, going through the Arts curriculum, in which he carried off several prizes. But a heavy disappointment was awaiting him when he applied for admission as a student into the Divinity Hall of the Free Church, Edinburgh. The principal and professors, who admired the unflinching perseverance of the young man, and deeply sympathized with him, came to the conclusion that, as there were many duties in the ministerial office he should have to delegate to others, they could not enroll him as one of their students. John, who was of humble parentage, had now to look about him for other means of work and livelihood. His independent spirit would not brook the smallest aid from others as long as he could by his penmanship or tutoring maintain himself. He was engaged for a short time in the Free Church offices, Edinburgh, in copying out church papers, but the strain upon his back was too much for him, so he had to relinquish such employment. Little do those who may now have to consult such documents imagine that the clear and distinct penmanship is not that of the hand, but of the foot. Private teaching, generally very precarious, was all that was left him to subsist upon; but, as I finally left Edinburgh about this time, I gradually lost sight of him, until I was informed of his decease, dying between thirty and forty years of age.

Was John Paton's life, in his peculiar circumstances, a purposeless one? Certainly not. Had Providence sent him into the world for no other purpose than to rouse the energies of both mind and body, and fire the zeal of those associated with the armless lad, John Paton, I can testify, nobly and successfully accomplished his work. There is not one of his companions now living, who all occupy high positions in their professions, but would most frankly acknowledge that their former companion was the means of giving them an impulse in the path of duty, which played its part in raising them to the stations they now hold. It is to be hoped that even the simple recital of such a short sketch may have a salutary effect upon the lives of the young who may chance to peruse it.—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

A WRATHFUL man stirreth up strife.

SMOKING.

An English journal recently offered a prize for the best argument against smoking. Following is the article for which the prize was awarded:

It is unphysiological because no animal in a state of nature uses it, and the first time a man smokes he is usually violently upset by it. When a man eats a new kind of fruit for the first time he may not like it, but it does not make him ill, as such fruit is a food. But tobacco, being a poison, nearly always causes an upset to the system. It is only by continued use that man can use it without being made immediately ill; he is made ultimately diseased by its use. It is expensive because there is no need for it; it is not even a luxury that helps us to spend our superfluous cash harmlessly, because it causes more loss and injury than it does good. In England we spend at least £12,000,000 a year on tobacco alone; what with pipes, matches, cigar-holders, cigaret-tubes, cigaret-machines, etc., we do not spend short of £20,000,000.

It is a dirty habit. What smells worse than the breath of a smoker, than his tobacco-soaked clothes, and his rank pipe? Then the ashes from pipes, cigars and cigarets fall on clothes, carpets, tablecloths, etc., and dirty or disfigure them. Smoking blackens the teeth, and if a pipe is smoked the teeth that hold it are worn away, and so we spoil a natural adornment—the teeth.

It is selfish, in that the person only who uses it gets pleasure from it, and that often at the expense of others. Smokers poison the air common to all by the fumes they emit. The selfishness of the smoker causes family quarrels and disputes, the husband preferring his pipe to his wife or sweetheart. It is disease-producing. It stops growth, and causes ill-developed persons if used before growth has stopped. In adults, it first blunts the sense of taste, smell, and sight, and indirectly, the hearing and touch. It always produces more or less sore throat, and often, in consequence, the worst kind of deafness—viz., throat deafness. When absorbed into the system it causes palpitation and irregular action of the heart, and has a depressing influence on it. It delays digestion, causes nervousness, trembling of hands, indecision, loss of energy and of will power, with lowness of spirits. It deadens thought, and makes a man dull and listless instead of being intelligent and active. It causes loss of appetite, helps on cancer of the stomach, and is the active cause of most cases of cancer seen on the lower lip, which is rarely seen except among smokers. It also lessens the vitality, and wounds heal less rapidly amongst smokers than non-smokers. It wastes time and energy. It wastes energy as it depresses the vital powers, and uses up itself, life and power that should be used for helping on mankind. It leads to drinking. Smoking always causes a dryness of the throat, and the saliva ejected is fluid lost to the system; to relieve both these conditions fluids are taken. As tobacco is a nervine depressant alcohol is often used to get rid of this depressed feeling. Statistics of temperance friendly societies show that smokers break away from their pledge in greater numbers than non-smokers do.

It leads to loss of property, goods, and lives, by the fires which originate by lighted ashes from pipes, by lighted cigar ends, or matches used by smokers. The loss in this country by fire traceable to smoking is very large.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Faithful tract distributors, who often work bravely on with little apparent fruit will be greatly encouraged by and deeply interested in the following personal incident, given by the Rev. E. A. Stuart in closing his address at the anniversary of the Religious Tract Society:—

Some fifteen years ago a young Cambridge undergraduate was travelling in his holidays in the Lake country. He was separated from his companions and happened to get a seat in a corner of a railway carriage which was filled with young men. The train drew up at a railway station and a gentleman opened the door and handed him a tract. This young Cambridge undergraduate was not an altogether thoughtless man with regard to religious things; but, alas! he was at that time destitute of real spiritual grace; content with merely going once or twice to the House of God on Sunday, and with trying to live as far as possible, as he thought, a moral life. But if there is one thing which he despised more than another it was the giving of a tract. He did not see why men should push their religion down other men's throats and make a public display of what they believed. He refused the tract. Of course it was offered to the next man in the carriage, and he likewise refused; because you know young men are very like sheep, and where one leads the others are pretty sure to follow; so the tract was offered all round the railway carriage, and every one refused it. The gentleman who offered the tract shut the door, with a sigh, and said "Gentlemen, remember you have a soul" and went away. Those simple words fell like a stone in a stagnant pool on that young man's heart—"Remember you have a soul." At first he got angry. "Why," he thought, "did he want to tell me I have got a soul? I know I have got a soul as well as he." But, nevertheless, the words sank in, hammered by the power of God's Holy Spirit. The very thud of the engine seemed to say, "Remember you have a soul." The words stuck, and went home, and when he went back to Cambridge he allied himself with some young men there who taught him the Word of God "more perfectly." He entered the ministry of Christ's church, and that young Cambridge undergraduate is the speaker who is addressing you to-night.—*English Paper.*

SPURGEON says: "Perhaps your Master knows what a splendid ploughman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper, because you can do the ploughing so well."

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(*Children's Friend.*)

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

They were at Giulia's house now. She was sitting on the doorstep, netting so fast, and such a big brown net lay in a heap behind her. Anton was the first to see the visitors, and exclaimed—

"Madre! madre mia! la signorina!"

Giulia flung down her netting, and starting up, to Dorothy's surprise caught her in her strong arms once more, and kissed her.

And now what seemed to the children very wonderful, Canon Percival began to talk to Giulia as fast in Italian as he did in English. And such a history was poured forth by Giulia, and then followed such gestures, and such exclamations! And Anton was caught by the arm, and then she pointed to Canon Percival, and when Dorothy caught the word "Grazia," she knew that her uncle was promising to do some kind thing. Ella, who from long habit could understand a great deal of what passed, told Irene and Dorothy that Canon Percival was promising to pay the money for Anton's apprenticeship to the master boatman. The Canon was writing the name in his pocket-book, and said he would go down to the quay and harbor to find him, and if he received a good character of mother and son he would have an agreement written, and the boy should be made an apprentice, without touching that store of silver pieces in the old pipkin in the cupboard.

Then they all went into the house, and Dorothy showed the bed where she had been placed, and Ella and Irene quite agreed with her that it was very stuffy in the little low room, and the smell of tar and smoke anything but nice.

Then there was the old crone by the chimney-corner, who muttered and murmured, and beckoned Dorothy to her side.

Poor little Dorothy bore the kiss which was given her with great composure, but she could not help giving a little shudder, and told Ella afterwards the smell of garlic and tobacco was "dreadful."

Canon Percival said a few words which were not intelligible to Dorothy, but Irene whispered to her—

"He is speaking to them all about the Lord Jesus; that's why Giulia is crossing herself. That is her way of showing reverence."

Poor Giulia's eyes were full of tears as Canon Percival went on. He was telling the story of the Cross, simply and earnestly, to these poor people; as they seldom, if ever, heard it, in their own tongue—the soft Italian tongue, which is so musical.

When they left the house they were all very quiet, and could Dorothy have understood what Giulia was saying as she stood on the large stone step, watching them down the narrow street, she would have known she was praying in her own fashion that blessings might follow them.

Canon Percival next went down to the harbor, and there, from the pier, is a most beautiful view of the old town, rising up, higher and higher, to the crest of the hill till it reaches the large church which belongs to the lepers' hospital. Canon Percival inquired for Battista. Angelo Battista, the master fisherman, and fine sailor, with a face as brown as a chestnut, and big dark eyes, smiled when Canon Percival disclosed his errand.

"Yes, Anton was a good boy; his mother had a long tongue, but she was very industrious—industrious, with tongue and fingers alike," he said, and then he laughed heartily, and two or three men standing near joined in.

At last all was settled, and Angelo Battista was to bring a written document and Anton that evening to the *Villa Firenze*, to make the needful declaration required in such cases by the notary, that he agreed to the terms proposed.

Canon Percival left San Remo the next day, saying that Coldchester Cathedral could not get on without him. He was so cheery and so kind, the children all lamented his loss.

But now golden days came for them all, for Mrs. Acheson got, as Ingleby expressed it, "nearer well" than she had been for years. She took long drives in the neighborhood, and they visited the old Italian towns, such as Taggia and Poggio. The road to them led along the busy shore of the blue Mediterranean, and then through silvery olive groves, where flowers of every brilliant color were springing.

When May came, and the swallows twittered on the roofs of the villas, and were seen consulting for their flight northward, the whole party set off with them, homewards.

Canon Percival met them at Paris, and they stayed there a week, and saw many of its wonders—the beautiful pictures in the Louvre, and the noble galleries at Versailles, where the fountains play, and the long, smooth avenues which lead to La Petite Trianon, and which are full of memories of poor Marie Antoinette.

Nothing made more impression on the children than the sight of her boudoir in the palace at Versailles, where, whoever looks up at the glass panels, sees, by their peculiar arrangement in one corner, the whole figure without the head. It is said the young girl Dauphiness glanced up at this, and starting back with horror, said—"Ah! J'ai perdu ma tete!" ("I have lost my head.") A strange coincidence, certainly, when one remembers how her head was taken off by the cruel guillotine in later years—the bright hair grey, the head bowed with sorrow, and the heart torn with grief for her husband, who had preceded her, and still more for the children she left behind.

At last the time came to cross the Channel once more. The passage was calm, and the children enjoyed the short voyage.

At Folkestone a very great surprise awaited Dorothy. She hardly knew whether she was dreaming or awake when in the waiting-room at the station she saw a man in a fisherman's blouse with a white dog in his arms.

"Nino! Nino! Oh, it must be my Nino!"

There could be no doubt of it this time, for the little dog grew frantic and excited, and leaped whining out of the fisherman's arms, and was in ecstasies at again meeting his mistress.

This, then, was Canon Percival's secret. And he told the story of Nino's discovery in a few words.

The day when he was at Folkeston, on his way to San Remo—summoned there by Mrs. Acheson's illness—he saw a fisherman on the pier with a little white dog by his side. It seemed hardly possible, but the fisherman explained that, near one of the Channel steamers, in his smack, he had seen a little white dog fall over the side, that he had looked out for him as they crossed the precise place, and found his little black nose just above the water, making a gallant fight for life. They lowered a little boat and picked him up, and read the name on his collar, "Nino."

That collar he still wore, and it was evident that the sovereign Canon Percival gave him did not quite reconcile the man to the parting. "His children had grown so fond of the little dog," he said.

But Nino, though he gave the fishermen a parting lick of gratitude, showed his old love was the stronger; and I do think it would be hard to say which was the happier at the renewal of affection—Dorothy or her dog Nino.

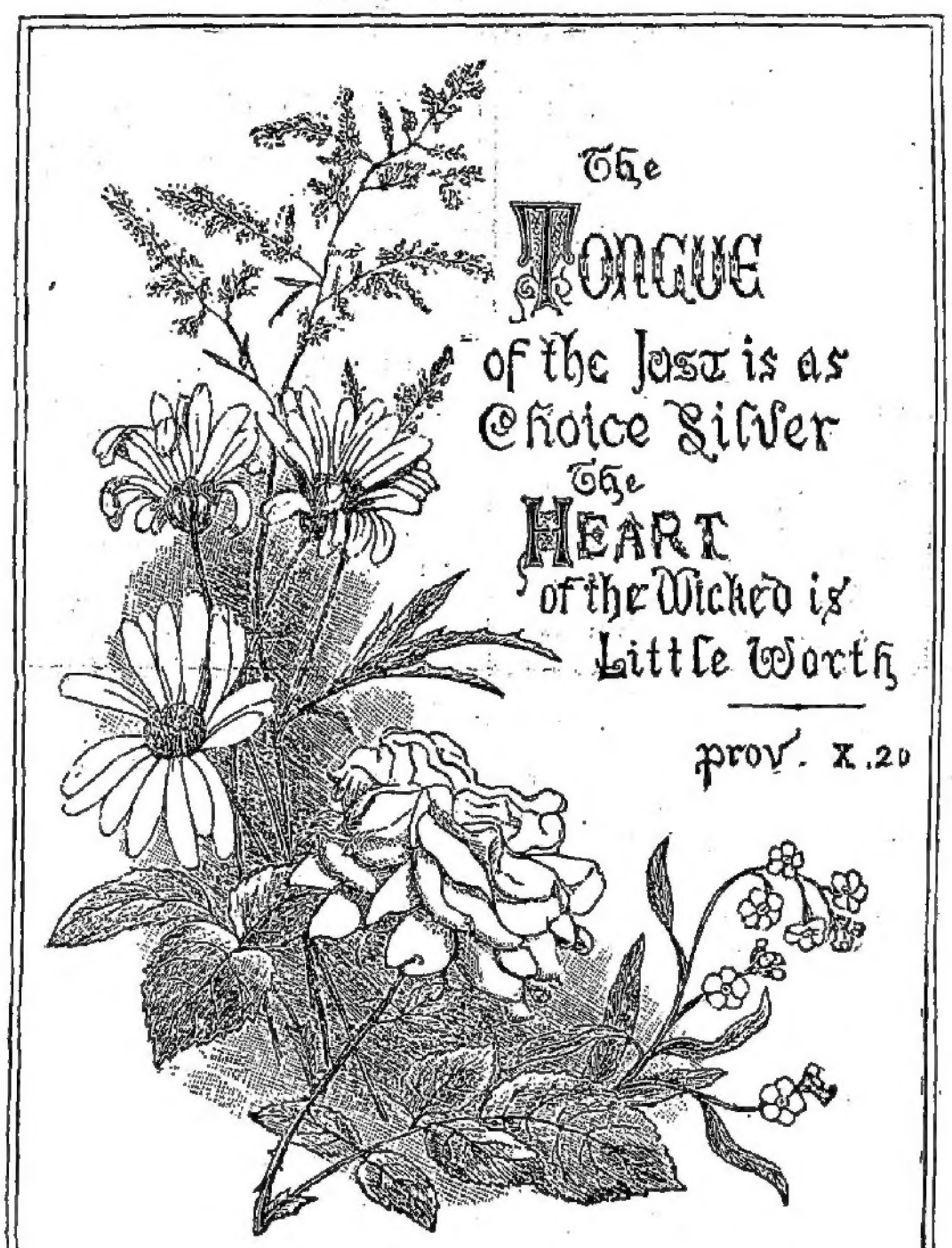
Certain it is, we always value anything more highly when we recover possession of it, and Nino went back to Coldchester full of honors. The story of his adventures made a hero of him in the eyes of the vergers of the Cathedral, who in past times had been wont to declare that this little white dog was a deal of trouble, rushing about on the flower-beds of the Cathedral gardens.

With the homeward flight of the swallows we must say good-bye to Dorothy. A very happy summer was passed in the Canon's house, brightened by the companionship of Irene, and sometimes of Ella and Willy and Baby Bob. For Lady Burnside took a house for a few months in the neighborhood of Coldchester, and the children continually met. But it was by Mrs. Acheson's express desire that Irene did not return to Mrs. Baker's school. She pleaded with Colonel Packingham that she might have her as a companion for her only child; and they shared a governess and lessons together.

Irene had the influence over Dorothy which could not fail to be noticed in its effects—the influence which a child who has a simple desire to follow in the right way must have over those with whom she is associated.

Dorothy's flight with the swallows had taught her many things, and with Irene for a friend she had long ceased to say she did not care for playmates. She was even known to devote herself for an hour at a time to share some riotous game with Baby Bob, while Nino raced and barked at their heels!

THE END.



MR. SPURGEON ON WASTE.

Something ought to be done by Christian people, if it were only on economical grounds, to try to stop this dreadful waste. Well may we be a nation of beggars, if we are a nation of drinkers. No good comes of the drink. I can go into a working man's house and I will not speak to anyone about him; but I can tell you in three minutes whether he is a teetotaller or not. Look at the furniture and arrangements of the man's house, and judge for yourself. The abstainer's room is like a little palace. There is everything in it for convenience and for comfort. How did he get it? "Oh, he has good wages!" No; it so happens that the persons I am thinking of have not particularly good wages; that is not the root of the matter. I go into another house and poverty reigns there. There is a candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle. The whole thing is dilapidated, and the children are down at the heel, and the wife looks wretched; and they all look half-starved. "This man has bad wages." No, he has not. This man has half as much again as the tenant of the first house. Why has he not the furniture then? Why has he not the blankets for the bed? Why has he not the shoes and stockings for the children? He has swallowed them all. He has swallowed bedsteads and chests of drawers. He drank the eight-day clock down at one sitting. He drank the table; he drank his wife's shoes; and he drank his own Sunday breeches. If I were talking like this to the negroes somewhere in the centre of Africa, they would say that it could not be true. But it is understood here because it *is so* common. You know that every word is true; and it is being done thousands of times over in this city every week; and the misery and the cry of it go up before God to heaven, and they say to every one of us, "Set your foot down, and set an example against this crying, this destroying evil, every one of you, as much as in your power."—*Alliance News.*

WHAT IT COSTS.

The annual liquor bill of the United States is $900,000,000, an amount so large we cannot comprehend it. The amount spent annually in prosecutions, that are the legitimate fruit of this illegitimate business, is estimated at from six to seven hundred millions. We will call it $684,000,000, and this added to the drink bill makes the enormous sum of $1,584,000,000, as the annual expense to this nation of the drink traffic.

This sum changed into silver dollars would make a belt clear around the globe, and go half way around the second time, or make a solid line of 37,500 miles long.

The population of the United States is now estimated at 60,000,000. This sum would give an annual income of $26.40 to each man, woman and child. It would pave a walk four feet wide and 1,171⅞ miles long.

This sum, in silver dollars, reckoning $16 to a pound, would weigh 39,500 tons. If this were loaded on waggons, a ton to each team, it would make a procession 281¼ miles long.

THE NUMBER OF BIBLES printed last year was greater than in any year since the beginning of the world. The issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society were 3,118,304 copies. The issues of the American Bible Society, last year, were 1,807,215. The British and Foreign Bible Society has decided to publish, in good type, an addition of the New Testament to be sold for one penny. Never were so many people studying the Bible as now, and never was there so much light poured on its pages.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Our two middle pages this week are occupied by a group showing the Queen and all her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, with the husbands and wives of those of them who are married. This list will enable each to be identified :—

1. Albert of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Prince Consort; born 26 Aug. 1819; married to the Queen, 10 Feb. 1840; died, 14 Dec. 1861; Queen Victoria, born 24 May, 1819.
2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra of Denmark, Princess of Wales.
3. Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany, Victoria, Princess Royal of Britain and Crown Princess of Germany.
4. The (late) Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The (late) Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, died 14 Dec., 1878.
5. Prince Christian of Schleswig,—Holstein, Princess Helena, Princess Christian.
6. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise Marguerite of Prussia, Duchess of Connaught.
7. Prince Henry of Battenberg. Princess Beatrice.
8. The (late) Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, died 28 March, 1884, Helen, Duchess of Albany.
9. Marquis of Lorne. Princess Louise.
10. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. The Duchess of Edinburgh, daughter of the Czar of Russia.
11. Grand Duke Sergius of Russia. Elizabeth M., Grand Duchess Sergius.
12. Princess William of Prussia. Princess William.
13. Prince Bernard of Saxe Meiningen, Princess Charlotte of Prussia.
14. Prince Louis of Battenberg. Victoria.
15. Prince Albert Victor of Wales.
16. Prince George of Wales.
17. Princess Louise of Wales.
18. Princess Victoria of Wales.
19. Princess Maud of Wales.
20. Princess Sophia Dorothea of Prussia.
21. Princess Marguerite of Prussia.
22. Prince Alfred (Edinburgh).
23. Princess Marie (Edinburgh).
24. Princess Victoria (Edinburgh).
25. Princess Alexandra (Edinburgh).
26. Princess Beatrice (Edinburgh).
27. Princess Victoria of Prussia.
28. Prince Henry of Prussia.
29. Princess Feodora.
30. Fourth son of Prince William of Prussia, not yet baptized.
31. Prince Adalbert.
32. Prince Frederick.
33. Prince William
34. Princess Victoria of Battenberg.
35. Princess Irene.
36. Prince Ernest Louis.
37. Princess Alice.
38. Prince Christian Victor.
39. Prince Albert.
40. Princess Victoria Louise.
41. Princess Louise Augusta.
42. Princess Marguerite.
43. Prince Arthur Patrick.
44. Princess Victoria.
45. Prince Alexander Albert (Battenberg).
46. Prince Leopold (now Duke of Albany).
47. Princess Alice Marie of Albany.

"I HAVE TAKEN GOD AT HIS WORD."

I was preaching my ordinary weekly lecture in the evening, when I was sent for in great haste to visit a woman who was said to be dying, and who very much desired to see me. I closed the service as soon as I could, and went immediately to her house. She was a member of my church, whom I had known very well for years; with whom I had been acquainted ever since her first serious impressions before she became a communicant.

As I entered the room where she lay I found it filled with her friends, who had gathered around to see her die. Making my way through the midst of them, I reached the side of her bed, and found her apparently in the last agonies of death. She was bolstered up in her bed, gasping for breath, almost suffocated by the asthma, and the whole bed shook by a palpitation of her heart, which seemed to be shaking her to pieces. It appeared to me that she could not live a quarter of an hour. I said to her: "Mrs. M., you seem to be very ill?"

"Yes," said she, "I am dying."

"And are you ready to die?" She lifted her eyes to me, with a solemn and fixed gaze, and speaking with great difficulty, she replied:

"Sir, God knows—I have taken Him—at his word—and—I am not afraid—to die."

It was a new definition of faith. "I have taken Him at his word." It struck me in an instant as a triumph of faith. "God knows I have taken Him at his word, and I am not afraid to die." It was just the thing for her to say. I have often tried to think what else she could have said that would have expressed so much in such few words. I prayed some four minutes by her bedside, recited to her some passages of God's Word, and was about to leave her for a moment to her friends whom she seemed anxious to address. She held me by the hand, and uttering a word at a time, as she gasped for breath, she said to me, "I wanted to tell you—that I can—trust in God—while—I am dying. You have—often told me—He would not—forsake me—and now I find—it true. I am—at peace. I die—willingly—and happy."

In a few seconds I left her, repeating to her such promises of the Saviour as I deemed most appropriate. However, she did not die. She still lives. But that expression of her faith has been of great benefit to me. It has aided me in preaching and in conversation with inquiring sinners very often. It gave me a more simple idea of faith than I ever had before. It put aside all the mist of metaphysics, speculation, and philosophizing. It made the whole nature of faith plain. Everybody could understand it. "God knows, I have taken Him at his word."—*Dr. I. S. Spencer.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What prophet's life was divided into three periods of forty years each?
2. To whom was the command given not to drink wine under penalty of death?
3. What prophet loved the ways of unrighteousness?
4. What prophetess was a ruler in Israel?
5. Who was punished by having the honor of his victory given to a woman?
6. What prophet used to say grace before sitting down at a feast?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Enoch. Gen. 5: 23.
2. Noah. 2 Peter 2: 5.
3. Abraham. Gen. 15: 17.
4. Isaac. Gen. 21: 6.
5. Joseph. Gen. 39: 1.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—AUGUST 7.

JESUS IN GALILEE.—MATT. 4: 17-25.

COMMIT VERSES 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The people which sat in darkness saw great light.—Matt. 4: 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus calls all to follow him, to enjoy and to proclaim the blessings of the Gospel.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 4: 12-25.
T. Luke 4: 14-31.
W. Luke 5: 1-11.
Th. Mark 1: 14-22.
F. John 1: 28-51.
Sa. John 4: 43-54.
Su. Ps. 103: 1-22.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

17. FROM THAT TIME—when Jesus left Judea on account of the imprisonment of John the Baptist in the castle of Machærus, March, A.D. 28 (Matt. 4: 12; 14: 3-5), and went again to Galilee. REPENT—change your mind and your conduct, turn from sin to God. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN—the kingdom whose source is in heaven, whose laws are those of heaven, the members of which are fitting for heaven. This kingdom was near in Jesus Christ. Its nearness was a reason for repentance because it presented new motives, new helps, new opportunities, new light. 18. AND JESUS WALKING BY THE SEA OF GALILEE—and preaching to crowds of people while sitting in Peter's boat (Luke 5: 1-9). SAW TWO BRETHREN—he had met them and convinced them that he was the Messiah more than a year before (John 1: 35-42). 19. FISHERS OF MEN—those who bring men from the state of sin into the kingdom of heaven. 21. JAMES, JOHN—cousins of Jesus, for Zebedee's wife Salome was the sister of Mary, the mother of Jesus (John 19: 25). 23. SYNAGOGUES—places for religious worship, like our churches. 24. TORMENTS—painful diseases. THOSE POSSESSED WITH DEVILS, OR DEMONS—whose body and mind had been yielded up to demons, causing them to become raging maniacs, and otherwise disordered. PALSY—paralysis. 25. DECAPOLIS (ten cities)—a country east and south-east of the sea of Galilee, which included ten cities.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between the last lesson and this? What were some of the things that took place during this interval? Trace on the map the change in place from the last lesson to this. In what other Gospels do we find an account of these events.

SUBJECT: THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM.

I. THE KINGDOM AT HAND (v. 17).—What time is referred to? (Matt. 4: 12.) What was the subject of Jesus' preaching? What is it to repent? What reason is given for repenting? What is the kingdom of heaven? How was it at hand? How was this a reason for repenting?

II. THE CALL (vs. 18-22).—Where did Jesus make his home? (Matt. 4: 13.) What was he doing by the Sea of Galilee? (Luke 5: 1-3.) What four persons did he call? Give the circumstances as related in Luke 5: 4-10. Where had some of these men met Jesus before? (John 1: 35-42.) What was their business? What did Jesus bid them to do? What is it to be "fishers of men"? Is it the duty of all to do this? How do these men obey? What is it to follow Christ? In what sense must we leave all to follow him? (Matt. 10: 37, 38.)

What relation were James and John to Jesus? (See John 19: 25. Compare Matt. 27: 56.) In what respects is saving men from sin like fishing? What can we learn from fishermen about this work? Was it right for James and John to leave their father?

III. FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL (vs. 23-25).—What did Jesus do for the people in the synagogues? What diseases did he heal? How did healing diseases aid men to believe and understand the Gospel? Does the Gospel produce like effects now? How widely did Jesus' fame spread abroad?

What is meant by "torments" in v. 24? What by "those who were possessed with devils"? How would these miracles show God's love? How would they prove that Jesus came from God? How were they a fitting accompaniment of his spiritual mission? What did Jesus promise his disciples? (John 14: 12.) Has Christianity done this? In what ways?

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

1. July 3.—The Infant Jesus. Matt. 2: 1-12.
2. July 10.—The Flight into Egypt. Matt. 2: 13-23.
3. July 17.—John the Baptist. Matt. 3: 1-12.
4. July 24.—The Baptism of Jesus. Matt. 3: 13-17.
5. July 31.—The Temptation of Jesus. Matt. 4: 1-11.
6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4: 17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5: 1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5: 17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6: 1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6: 24-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7: 1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7: 13-29.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 13: 8-14. Missions. Matt. 4: 12-16.

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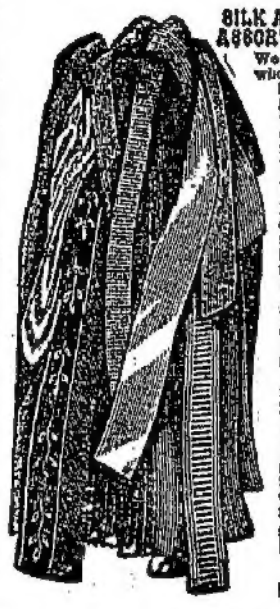

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